"The Truth shall make you FREE."—Christ.

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THE SPIRIT GREETING.

The moon to-night is shining on my forehead, and on my paper, and my hand, and my pen; but its silver light falls on thy grave, thou fairest of our childhood's friends. In such a night "I cannot make thee dead." I know the silence that has fallen on the melodious voice, the solemn seal that closes the ruby lips. Yet from the years, the hoarded years, come faintly now the songs and sounds of younger days, and among them all that voice is pure, and clear, and very melodious, and it floats away from me now into the far, deep sky. Thou art gone to God! Pure as an autumn morning star-beam, thou didst not fade from the sky! Thou art only hidden from us by the grosser light which our senses cannot penetrate, and when the night comes to us we shall see thee again!

If you could go with me now to a glen not far away, and a willow-shaded nook, I would point out to you the very spot where, years ago, there stood a rude bench, on which many times I have seen the fair girl I now write of sitting, and by which I once saw her kneeling. That old cottage under the hill—which has echoed many a time the sounds of our young and glad voices when Joe Willis and I knew little of the hardships of the world, and loved with all the impulsive love of childish days—is occupied by strangers, and its broad hall and large rooms now ring to the laughter of those that knew not her whose gentle spirit haunts their very chambers.

She was as pleasant as a dream. I was a mere boy then, and with the privilege of a boy and a near relative, used to lie at her feet on the grass, and gaze into her face, and watch the play of her exquisite features. It was there I learned first how high, and pure, and worshipful humanity may be.

She has passed now into the presence of her God, and if to-night she is seated on the margin of some glassy lake, or by the bank of a prattling stream of the living waters of that land, and yet can hear, as I believe she can, the words which our souls whisper, if our lips do not, then am I sure she smiles as she listens, and looks up to God and blesses him with new songs, that she was permitted to pass hence, as she was, long, long, ago; and yet she loves us! The blessed ones forget us not, and she has been here to-night, and has kissed my forehead as of old.

And when I look into the eyes of a comparative stranger, which nevertheless have a familiar gleam, I cannot resist the impulse to gaze, forgetful quite of the long lapse of years and the consequent decay of beauty. None who were so lovely then remain as lovely now. The lines of life are deeply marked on many countenances, and griefs and cares have hollowed their rosy cheeks and dimmed their merry eyes. The voices of those days are pleasant only in memory. Sometimes, indeed, a child (the child of one once young and lovely) will warble a note from an old song, that with magical effect recalls the hushed melodies of our childhood. But a look, a thought, a heart-pang, teaches us that we are changed, and all is changed; and then, oh! how we long for the time when there shall be no more changes.

She was young and beautiful. What need to add that she was loved. Surely I need not add that she loved, for such as she live on affection, and die for lack of it. Her father devoted his fortune and his life to her; and she was heiress to a large estate. As might be expected,

she had numberless suitors of every rank and variety. I cannot now remember all of them, although I kept the run of them tolerably well. But of all there were only two that appeared to have any prospect of success; and the village gossips were occupied in discussing their relative chances.

Frank R—— was the gayest, best-hearted fellow in the world; and had you seen him on his horse by the side of Sarah D——, you would have said he was made for her, so wild was his laugh, and so joyous her response. Yet, had you been behind the closed shutter of the window in the front of the large white house on the hill, as they rode by, and had you there watched the compressed lip, the broad, calm forhead, the pale face, and the speaking eye of Joseph S——, as he saw them passing, you would have prayed to God that that fair girl might belong to that noble man, even as I a boy then prayed.

God has answered my prayers. When the long way was travelled over, and the rugged and difficult steep surmounted—when her fairy foot was pressed on the rock at the summit of the hill of life, and her eyes gazed into the deep blue sky with longing gaze, there, even there, beyond the blue, his outstretched arms received her, and his embrace was heaven!

Go preach to blocks and stones, ye who believe that love is of the clay! Go preach to the dead, ye who deny the immortality of the affections. Go reason with trees, or hills, or images of wood, or with your own motionless, lifeless, icy souls, ye who believe that, because there is no marrying yonder, there shall be no embracing, or because we may not use the gentle words, "my wife," we may not clasp these sanctified forms in our own holy arms! I tell you, man, that immortality would be a glorious cheat, if with our clay died all our first affections. I tell you that first annihilation would be heaven, if I believed that when my head at length rests on its coffin pillow, and my lips sink to the silence and repose of death, these loving eyes will never look into mine again, this pure clasp never be around my neck, this holy caress never bless me more!

But see how I hasten in advance of my story. And yet, like Canning's knife grinder, I remember that I have no story to tell, or at best it is a simple history.

She loved Joe. His calm and earnest way of loving her won her whole soul. He did not say much to her in company, nor of her; but when they were alone, or only some of the children near, his low voice would be musical, and she sat entranced with its eloquence. I have seen them seated on the bench by the side of the stream, and have heard him lead her gentle soul step by step with him from earth to the stars, and then from star to star, until she seemed to be in heaven with him, and listening to the praises of the angels.

I am unable to tell how it happened that Joseph S—— left his profession (which had been law), and entered the ministry. The father of Sarah D—— was one of a small class of men who not only deny the truths of our most holy faith, but take every opportunity to cast ridicule on its teachers. It was, therefore, with great pain that his daughter observed his coldness and rudeness to Joseph S——, and she was not surprised, however much she was grieved, when an open rupture rendered the suspension of his visits to the house absolutely necessary.

They had never spoken of love. Each knew the secret of the other's perfect affection, and what need, then, of words to tell it. It would have been but the repetition of hackneyed phrases. And yet there is no music in the world so sweet as those three words, "I love you," from the lips we love to kiss. But the father of our gentle friend had feared the existence of some bond between them, and peremptorily required his daughter to break it if it did exist. She replied to him, relating the simple truth, and he desired her to refuse thenceforward to see or speak to Joseph. A month of deeper pain than can well be imagined succeeded this command, during which they did not meet.

It was on a moony night in August that she walked out with me (then a boy five years her junior), and sat down on the bench by the side of the stream. The air was clear, the sky serene, and no sound disturbed us; but the soft voice of the wind among the tree-tops made a

pleasant music, and we listened and were silent. The stillness was broken by the voice of Joseph S——.

I will pass over that scene. I dare not attempt a description of it. It was my first lesson in human suffering, and though I have learned it over and over since then, yet I have never seen more agony than those two felt, as they parted that night to meet no more on earth.

He bowed his lips to her forehead, and murmured the solemn word, "Forever." She woke at that word, and exclaimed with startling vehemence, "No, no, there is no such word, Joe?"

"We shall not meet again on earth, my gentle one."

"And what is earth?" Her tall form grew more queenly, and her dark eye flashed divinely, as she arose and exclaimed in clear and silvery tones: "And what is earth? These things must end. I will name a tryst, dear Joe, and you shall keep it. If you pass first into the other land, wait for me on the other bank, and if I go hence before you, I will linger on the other shore until you come. Will you remember?"

"I will live and die in this memory."

She lifted her face to his, and her arms to his neck, and they clung together in a long passionate embrace. Their lips did not separate, but were pressed close together, until he felt her form cold, and her clasp relax, and he laid her gently down on the old seat, bowed over her a moment in prayer, and was gone. I heard him say, "Take care of her, Phil," and so I strove to recall the life that had gone from her lips, and cheeks, and eyes. It came slowly, and she woke as we wake the morning after death has entered our charmed circle, with an oppression on the brain, and a swimming, swollen senselessness of soul.

At last she remembered all; and raised herself with a half-articulated exclamation of agony, broken by a sob; then fell on her knees by the bench, and buried her face in her hands, and remained thus for nearly half-an-hour.

When she arose, her face was calm and serene. It wore that same exalted look until she died.

I think she took cold that night; she was never well afterwards, and the next winter she passed in the south, returning in the spring, very fragile, but very beautiful.

Joseph S—— was sent abroad by one of the Boards of Missions of the Church, but his health failed, and he resigned his commission while he travelled through the Eastern world.

Three years fled with their usual swiftness. To Sarah D—— they were very slow and painful years, yet she was happy in her quiet way, and no one dreamed of the strange tryst she was longing to keep on the other side of that dark river, which men so shrink from. She grew feebler daily as the summer and autumn advanced, and in December she was evidently dying.

One day her mother had been out of the house, perhaps making calls; she returned at evening, and among other incidents of news which she had learned, she mentioned to Sarah the death of her old friend Joseph ——.

The fair girl was reclining in her large arm chair, looking out through the close windows at the snow on the ground, and the pure moonlight that silvered it. There was no startling emotion visible as her mother mentioned the fact which to her was the most solemn, yet most joyful news she could give, for now, how much nearer was their meeting! I saw a smile flash across her face as the joyful news reached her ear. I saw her lips move as if she invited even then his spiritual embrace. I saw her forehead raised to feel the caress which I knew she felt! She was silent for many minutes, and then spoke in feeble yet very musical accents, and I, boyishly, wept aloud! Then she smiled, and looked at me, with finger upraised, and said, "Wait a little longer, dear Phil." And then, after a moment, she said, "Mother, is the snow very deep?"

"Not very, dear; why did you ask?"

"Because, if it were deep, I thought it would be difficult for old Mr. Smith to find our lot in the grave-yard. Are all the headstones covered, mother."

"What is the matter, Sarah? What if they are covered?"

"Mother, dear, it is useless to conceal it from ourselves, or from one another. You know, and I quite as well, that I am dying. I have not wished to live, only for one thing did I long for life,

and I dreaded to meet death all alone! but now I do not. Philip will tell you what I mean when I am gone. Yes, gone, dear mother. I shall not be here any longer. You will be here, and father, and you will rise and walk about, and visit, and go in and out, and sleep and wake again, and so on day afer day, and I shall have no part any longer in your cares and joys. Dear Mother"——and as she uttered the last two words, she put her arms around her mother's neck and kissed her fondly, and sank back into her chair again. I sat at her feet watching her matchless features. A smile was flitting across them, now there, now gone, yet each time it appeared to linger longer than before, until it became fixed, and so holy, so very holy, that I grew bewildered as I gazed, and a strange tremor passed through my body.

The breath of peace was fanning her glorious brow! Her head was bowed a very little forward, and a tress escaping from its bonds fell by the side of her pure white temple, and close to her just opened lips. It hung there motionless! no breath disturbed its repose! She slept as an angel might sleep, having accomplished the mission of her God.

Oftentimes since then I have heard a voice from heaven, as melodious as that which the prophet of old heard declaring the blessings of the righteous dead! To-night I have been hearing it—it is faint, indeed, but clear, and oh, how thrilling, and it sounds like her voice chanting a grand old psalm!

"And thou shalt walk in pure white light,
With kings and priests abroad!
And thou shalt summer high in bliss,
Upon the hills of God!"

I know not under what palm tree of Chaldea, or by the shadow of what rock in Hindostan, or under what ruin in the time-hallowed Egypt, the clay which was once my friend, of mine own kindred, awaits the resurrection. I have knelt in the silvery moonbeams of the highlands by the grave of that other friend of early, holy years! But when, as last night, Joe and I speak of them, our thoughts linger not long, either at one grave, or at the other. We only think of the rending veil and the embrace which awaited her when she became an angel!

MUSINGS ON MYSTICISMS.

FROM THE CHRISTIAN INQUIRER.

Of all the dogmas orthodoxy
Palms on the world as Scripture's proxy,
That of "two natures in one person"
Is the most monstrous perversion
Of common-sense—and Scripture, too—
Hatched by a mystifying few!
It is a solemn hocus-pocus,
Made to perplex us, while they yoke us.
'Twill serve their turn on either side,
Be facts affirmed, or else denied;
For, by a reservative move,
'Twill *prove* a *truth* it can *disprove*.
For instance, say, "Christ *was* a *man!*"
'Tis true and false, sir, by this plan:
Say, "*He* was *not!*" It may be true,
And yet it may be falsehood, too.
Say, "He was God!" You may admit,
Or else deny the truth of it;
For he's Creator, or a creature,
Just as you predicate his nature;
And what to one may be applied,
May, to the other, be denied.
And this these people call "the key
To Scripture sense and verity."
But, if "two natures," as they hold,*
Identify "the Christ," we're told,
In words as pointedly decided,
"Those natures ne'er can be divided."
Hence, in *one* nature only, we
Perceive "the Christ" can never be;
So, to apply to one alone,
What's said of *him*, 'tis clearly shown,
Is *mis*applied. Again, their version,
Of "natures two to form one person,
Which person is both God and man,"
Quite supersedes the Scripture plan;†
It nullifies the Mediator
Between mankind and their Creator.
These are the parties at contention,
No mediums left for intervention—
Unless, with Waterland, one dreams,
A *mean* is nothing but *extremes*.‡

* "So that two whole and perfect natures—that is to say, the Godhead and manhood—were joined together in one person, never to be divided, whereof is one Christ, very God and very man," etc. (See "Common Prayer Book," Article II.)

† "Now, a mediator is not a mediator of *one*, but God is *one*."—GAL. iii. 20.

"For there is one God, and one Mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus."—1 TIM. ii. 5.

"How much more shall the blood of Christ, who, through the eternal Spirit, offered himself without spot to God, purge your conscience from dead works, to serve the living God! And for this cause he is the Mediator of the New Testament," etc.—HEB. ix. 14, 15.

‡ "Christ is a Mediator by nature—as partaking of both natures, divine and human—and Mediator by office, as transacting matters between God and man."—WATERLAND.

DR. JOSEPH PRIESTLEY.

Continued from page 118.

"I love a man whom I can hold up as a piece of crystal, and look through him. For this I have always admired Dr. Priestley.—The Rev. Dr. TOPLADY.

AFTER his engagement terminated with the Earl of Shelburne he became minister of the Unitarian Chapel at Birmingham. Politics and religion had aroused great feeling and great animosity. The French Revolution had broken out. Priestley justified and complimented the French nation on this outbreak, a thing which few did then, but many do now. He became very obnoxious to the Church and State party, and because he was a Unitarian, bigotry, intolerance, and persecution found a great and worthy object on which to pour the vials of their wrath. In the newspapers and the periodicals of the time he was abused as an unbeliever, atheist, and revolutionist. Placards were scattered through London calling him a rascal, fellow, and an enemy, ending very religiously—Fear God and honour the King.

We will narrate what happened at Birmingham, in as few words as possible. A mob was made drunk, a riot was commenced, the ringleaders of which were high churchmen. They went shouting about the town, Church and State, God Save the King, Down with the Dissenters, and such like words. They burned down the Unitarian Chapel, and one other dissenting chapel. Then they set off to Dr. Priestley's house, and set fire to it. Priestley fled for his life. They demolished his library, utterly destroyed all his apparatus, and burned his furniture, and the houses of several of his dissenting friends. A friend wrote to him, for he had fled to London: "The road for half-a-mile to your house was strewed with your books; the mob were carrying some of them away." A Mr. Arthur Young, in his "Tour through Warwickshire," writes: "Seeing, as I passed, a house in ruins, on inquiry I found it was Dr. Priestley's. I alighted from my horse, and walked over the ruins of that laboratory, the labours of which have not only illuminated mankind, but enlarged the sphere of science itself, which has carried its master's fame to the remotest corners of the civilized world; and will now, with equal celerity, convey the infamy of its destruction to the disgrace of the age and the scandal of the British name." Priestley said the loss of his manuscripts of years of labour pained him most. He was within five days' work of completing his notes, for printing, on the New Testament. In the narrative of these riots, by Mr. Hutton, the eminent bookseller, who lived in Birmingham at the time, we find these words: "Dr. Priestley's love to man was great; his usefulness greater. I have been informed by the faculty that his experimental discoveries on air, applied to medical purposes, have preserved the lives of thousands, and, in return, he can scarcely preserve his own." As we have intimated, he escaped, and went to London, where he resided for some time. He never came back to Birmingham. He wrote a sermon and sent it to his friends, to be preached among the ruins of his chapel, by one of his congregation, from the text, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." It is a beautiful sermon on Christian forgiveness. We are sorry to say he was shunned at London by the members of the Royal Society; feeling had got so strong against him, though he could ask everywhere, "What harm have I done?" Dr. Brewster says: "The Royal Society declined to admit him to their meetings, and that he was obliged to withdraw his name from its list of members." Mr. Rutt says: "This is a mistake of Brewster, though the Royal Society never bid him farewell on leaving England, or voted him any sympathy in his troubles, or took any notice of his death." He was chosen minister at Hackney, and applied himself faithfully to the duties of the congregation, and the moral education of the young. He never felt himself very safe from attacks, so powerfully the feeling of the populace was excited against him, though he was always the real friend of the people. He had difficulty to get and keep a servant, as the girls feared they might lose their lives. Mrs. Priestley had to do a great deal of servants' work herself through this. True enough, addresses of sympathy were sent to him from learned bodies, and

dissenting churches, and letters of pledged friendship and admiration from some great men, which comforted him in those dark days. He resolved to leave England and go to America, where he might finish his life in peace. On his leaving England many friends expostulated; but every Englishman must ever regret the cause. More than one liberal poet burned with wrath at the unholy persecution which drove him from our shores. Garnham wrote:—

"The savage, slavish Britain, now no more
Deserves this patriot's steps, to print her shore;
Despots, and leagues, and armies overthrown,
France would exult to claim him for her own.
Yet no! America, whose soul aspires
To warm her sons with Europe's brightest fires;
Whose virtues science scorns a second prize,
Asks and obtains our Priestley from the skies.
Ye storms, ye monsters which the seas contain,
Let him uninjured cross a placid main;
For never did your gentle breasts engage
Passions so fell as sacerdotal rage."

And Coleridge wrote:—

"Riot rude
Hath driven our Priestley o'er the ocean swell,
Though superstition and her wolfish brood
Bay his mild radiance, impotent and fell,
Calm in the halls of brightness he shall dwell.
For lo! religion, at his strong behest,
Starts with mild anger from the Papal spell,
And flings to earth her tinsel glittering vest.
* * * * * * * * *
Lo! Priestley there, patriot, and saint, and sage,
Him from his native land,
Statesmen, blood-stained, and priests idolatrous,
By dark lies maddening the blind multitude,
Drove with vain hate; calm pitying he retired."

He reached America in safety, was hailed by men of science and literature as a great acquisition to the Republic; but the measure of his cup of public life was about filled up. There is nothing very remarkable to relate of him after he went to America. He often said he would very much like to see his native England again, but never returned. He soon lost his eldest son after he went to America, which distressed him much. They had commenced to cultivate a little land; his son having got wet and cold, was seized with inflammation, and died. He wrote: "We have lost poor Harry. What we feel on this occasion you will judge from your own feelings in a similar situation. Being the first loss of the kind that I have experienced, it afflicts me very much indeed, and my wife no less. I am, however, perfectly satisfied that this, as well as every other dispensation of Providence is right, and will hereafter appear to have been so. I have no doubt I shall meet him again." A Mr. Bakewell says: "Harry was interred in a plot of ground belonging to the Quakers. I attended the funeral to the lonely spot, and there I saw the good old father perform the service over the grave of his son. It was an affecting sight, but he went through it with fortitude, and after praying addressed the attendants in a few words, assuring them that though death had separated them here, they should meet again in another and a better world." Some little time after this he received word of the death of his daughter, who was married to a Mr. Galton. "I cannot grieve (says he) on her account. She had nothing before her in this life but a prospect of increasing trouble. I hope soon to meet her in more favourable circumstances. I am concerned about her children. My only source of satisfaction, and it is a never failing one to me, is my firm persuasion that everything, and our oversights and mistakes, too, among the rest, are parts of the great plan, in which everything will appear, in time, to have been ordered and conducted in the best manner. When I hear my son's children crying, I consider that we, who are advanced in life, are but children ourselves, and as little judges of what is good for ourselves or others." He used often to say:—

"All is best, though we oft doubt,
What the unsearchable dispose
Of highest wisdom brings about,
And always found best at the close."

We have omitted to notice, in its proper place, that soon after he went to America, only nine months after the death of his son, he lost Mrs. Priestley; this was his greatest trial of all, for they had lived together in perfect love thirty-four years. He wrote in his diary: "She was of a noble and generous mind, and cared much for others, and little for herself through life." He wrote to the Rev. Theophilus Lindsey the day on which he buried Mrs. Priestley. "Dear friend,—I never stood in more need of friendship than I do now, and I am thankful that I am not destitute of it here, though I could wish for a nearer communication

with old, tried, and pious friends. After all, our chief refuge must be in God, whose providence we cannot doubt orders everything for the best. This day I bury my wife. She died on Saturday, after an illness of a fortnight. She suffered much at times, but died without any symptom of pain. I do not think she ever had a superior in generosity and disinterestedness. My loss is proportionably great, though I am thankful she has been preserved so long. To relieve my mind in my present situation, I will make a tour through some parts of America, and preach on the resurrection and a future state. I really believe I am in the way of doing more good by promoting lay-Unitarian societies than I could by being a resident preacher. I thank God my means will enable me to do this, though without much to spare." In a letter after this to England, he says: "I have no desire to live on account of any enjoyment that I can reasonably expect in this life; but while I am capable of doing any good I wish to have the opportunity. The removal of a few more friends will make me wish to follow them." He lived a few years after the death of Mrs. Priestley, and died on the 6th of February, 1804, in Northumberland, Pensylvania, America.

Allow us a few words more to sum up upon the general character and labours of this great man, whose name each year in lustre grows. In stature Priestley was a man of the middle size, of anything slender in his make, plain in his appearance, and always pleasant in company, and the same at home. In mind he was a giant; in morals he was most strict and pure; in religion he was most rational, pious, devout. Though he had a hindrance in speech, yet in conversation he was really eloquent, for his words were ideas, and his speech always intelligible and clear His voice was the music of instruction, whenever he spoke. Politically, he was the warm advocate and friend of popular rights. He saw plainly for what purpose kings and rulers ought to govern; not for their own aggrandisement, but the general welfare of those they rule. He stated his views as a politician, statesman, philosopher, and Christian, in plain language, and without fear of man. Our country is gradually growing up to the standard he regarded as one of justice and right. It was a dangerous thing to a man's peace, in his day, to hold his views, but this marks still more strongly the greatness of the man. He was a friend of popular education, and spent considerable time in writing upon language, grammar, and even the general rudimentary principles of learning. He was the most devoted friend of the young, and always willing to spend and be spent in the cause of the youths, male and female, who attended upon his ministry. In one hour he was holding conversation with the wisest and greatest statesmen, philosophers, and divines; in another he was among his young people and little children of the congregation, interesting them in moral and religious truths. His literary labours would take years simply to read them through. They are beautifully instructive on every topic on which he treats. It should also be remembered that many unfinished manuscripts were burnt by the mob at Birmingham. He forgave all his enemies in the most frank and Christ-like manner. He said he had no doubt God would turn to good account all their malice against him. In science he was most industrious and persevering. By chemists, electricians, and the scientific, through his labours and discourses, he will be remembered for ever. His name will always stand honourable on the muster roll of philosophers. His lessons and lectures on general history are full of information. He was the thorough advocate and defender of liberty of conscience all the world over. He hated persecution, yet how he was rancoursly persecuted. He used to say: "It will all be well at last, even the burning of my house and books." He was one of the ablest defenders of Christianity this world ever saw. In France a Roman Catholic priest kissed him for the manly part he took against Atheists and Deists. He was a profound theologian; he saw clearly what mists and superstitions had gathered round the pure Christian system. He laboured to show where, and when, and by whom all those false doctrines had been engrafted upon the tree of life. He shook the whole fabric of error by his writings. Little

did he think, fifty years after his death, in Britain and Ireland, there would be three hundred Unitarian congregations; in America thousands of Universalist and Unitarian congregations. Such a prospect would have made him say, "Mine eyes, O God, have seen thy salvation." How very much he has contributed to the diffusion of education, and liberal and constitutional reforms throughout the world, every one must acknowledge. As a religious and moral man no stain, no unkindness, no unfaithfulness can ever be affixed to his memory. He was affable, benevolent, pure, just, and industrious. As a minister, faithful; as a father, good and kind; as a husband, loving and true; as a philosopher, learned and useful; as a citizen, liberal and patriotic; as a Christian, a follower in the footsteps of Jesus Christ; as a man, a good example in all things for all of us to follow.

And now let us gently open the door, and silently enter the dying chamber of this great man; draw the curtain, and see how a Christian can die. We would not thus intrude, but it will do us good. For about three years before his death he found his life was fast wearing to a close. It had been an eventful, wonderful life. He used to say to his doctor, three months before he died, if he could only patch him up for six months he could get all his work finished he had in hand. He laboured hard until the very last. He ceased to work and live the same hour. He was with his son-in-law at the time of his death, and had been for some time. A day or two before his death he felt his end approaching. As he walked into his laboratory, for the last time, and in coming out, his little grand-daughter, about six years of age, came running to him to claim a fivepenny bit he had promised the night before. He gave her the money, and was going to speak to her, but found himself unable. This alarmed them. He said to his son-in-law, after he recovered, he never felt more pleasantly in his whole life than during the little time he could not speak. After this he was never left alone. The next day he was a little better; the day after this he was worse, and wrote in his diary, for the last time, "Much worse." On Friday, the 3rd of February, when he went to bed, he was ill, and had an idea he should not live another day. At prayer time he wished to have all his little grandchildren to kneel by his bed-side, saying, it gave him great pleasure to see all the little things kneel, and, thinking he possibly might not see them again, he gave them his blessing. On Saturday, in the course of the day, he expressed his gratitude in being permitted to die quietly in his family, without pain, with every convenience and comfort he could wish for. He dwelt upon the peculiar happy situation in which it had pleased the Divine Being to place him in life, and the great advantage he had enjoyed in the acquaintance and friendship of some of the best and wisest men of the age in which he had lived, and the satisfaction he derived from having led a useful as well as a happy life. On Sunday (the day before he died) he desired his son-in-law to read to him the eleventh chapter of John. He dwelt for some time on the advantage he had derived from reading the Scriptures daily, and advised him to do the same, saying, it would prove to him a source of the purest pleasure. He desired his son-in-law to reach him a pamphlet at his bed-head: it was, "Simpson on the Duration of Future Punishment." "It will be a source of satisfaction," he said, "to you to read that pamphlet. It contains my sentiments: we shall all meet finally: we require different degrees of discipline to prepare us for final happiness." At prayers he had all the children again brought in as before. After prayers they wished him good night, and were leaving the room. He desired them to stay—spoke to them separately. He exhorted them all to continue to love each other; and you little thing, speaking to Eliza, remember the little hymn, "Birds in their little nests agree." I am going to sleep, as well as you, and we shall all meet again. He continued to talk on a future state, which would afford an ample field for all our faculties. Next morning, about ten o'clock, he desired to finish one or two pamphlets he had in hand. Mr. Cooper took down the substance of what he said, which, when he had done, he read to him. He said

it was not put down in his words, and wished to have it done so. He then repeated over again, nearly word for word, what he had said before; and when Mr. Cooper had done, he read it over to him. Dr. Priestley then said, "That is right; I have now done." Mr. Cooper, his son-in-law, says, "He desired to be removed, his head raised a little more, and a few minutes from finishing his last work he put his hand over his face, and so gently breathed his last, that neither myself nor wife perceived it at the time." Peace and honour to his memory; may our last hours be like his.

THE PRIESTLEY STATUE.

THE following sneering and utterly incorrect paragraph has been running the round of some of the London and provincial papers the last few weeks.

"The founder of the Unitarian sect in England was Dr. Priestley, a sect which, we believe, is in a somewhat declining condition. The Unitarians have lately been making an attempt to raise funds for a monument to Dr. Priestley; but the subscriptions do not flow in very freely. The liberality of certain sects seems to be confined to professions; when hard cash is demanded it is not forthcoming."

We cannot reply to this in a more direct manner than by saying the whole of it that refers to Unitarians and Unitarianism, is a tissue of falsehoods. The following report, abridged from the *Christian Reformer*, of last month, will be interesting to our readers in reference to the Priestley Statue. MEETING AT OXFORD TO INAUGURATE THE STATUE OF DR. PRIESTLEY IN THE UNIVERSITY MUSEUM. The erection of the Museum at Oxford is an event which must commend the approbation of the wise and good. Already five statues have been presented to the Museum by the Queen, viz., those of Bacon, Galileo, Newton, Leibnitz, and Oersted. The following statues have also been added: Hippocrates, Aristotle, Cuvier, Davy, Watt, and Euclid. The statue of Priestley has been appointed a place between the statues of Aristotle and Davy. The statue naturally attracted a large amount of attention from the numerous visitors in Oxford. The 3rd of July, 1860, was selected as the day to mark the occasion by a social gathering of philosophers and divines, who breakfasted together at the Star Hotel, Oxford. The following are a few of the names of the illustrious persons who were present:—The Baron Anca, of Palermo; Dr. Zumpt, of Berlin; Professor Verdet, of Paris; Professor Wheatstone, of King's College; Professor Brodie, of Oxford; John W. Draper, Esq., Professor of Chemistry, New York; Leonard Horner, Esq., Professor of the Geological Society, London; Rev. B. Price Sedlein, Professor, Oxford; Rev. Robert Walker, Professor of Natural Philosophy, Oxford; and a numerous company of Unitarian ministers, and ladies and gentlemen. The chair was filled by Professor Brodie, at whose right hand sat Dr. Davy, brother of the late Sir Humphrey Davy. The vice-chair was filled by James Yates, Esq., of London. We can only give a very brief account of the meeting. The chairman thanked those gentlemen who had combined to enrich and adorn their Museum with the statue of Dr. Priestley. It indicated an extinction of a great deal of party feeling, and that many unworthy sentiments had altogether died out. Priestley had distinguished himself not only in the calm pursuits of philosophy, but in a variety of other pursuits, in some of which the opinions and feelings of mankind are particularly excitable and sensitive. Mr. Brodie proposed the thanks of the meeting to Mr. Yates and the Committee for erecting the statue. Dr. Davy seconded the resolution, and referred to the time when Dr. Priestley was under the necessity of flying from the disgraceful persecution, sixty-nine years ago, of which he was the object. Mr. Yates replied, and said the statue had found favour with men of all sects and parties. It had an immediate and gratifying response from scientific men. The Rev. John Kenrick referred to the recognition of the rank in science to which Priestley was entitled, and had been so long withheld. In the words of Mrs. Barbauld, addressed to Priestley, he said:

"Well thou canst afford
To give large credit for that debt of fame
Thy country owes thee."

Several other speakers addressed the meeting on the merits of Dr. Priestley and the success of the Statue Committee.

LOSS AND GAIN.

THOU hast done well, to kneel and say:
"Since he who gave, can take away,
And bid me suffer—I obey."

And also well, to tell thy heart,
That "good lies in the bitterest part,"
And thou "wilt profit by the smart."

But bitter hours must come to all—
When even truths like these will pall,
Sick hearts for humbler comforts call.

Then I would have thee strive to see
That good and evil come to thee,
As one of a great family.

And as material life is planned,
That even the loneliest one must stand,
Dependent on his brother's hand:

So links more subtle and more fine,
Bind every other soul to thine,
In one great brotherhood divine.

Nor with thy share of work be vexed;
Though incomplete, and even perplexed,
It fits exactly to the next.

What seems so dark to thy dim sight,
May be a shadow, seen aright,
Making some brightness doubly bright.

The flash that struck thy tree—no more
To shelter thee—lets heaven's blue floor
Shine where it never shone before.

Thy life that has been dropped aside
Into Time's stream, may stir the tide
In rippled circles spreading wide.

The cry wrung from thy spirit's pain
May echo on some far-off plain,
And guide a wanderer home again.

Fail—yet rejoice; because no less,
The failure that makes thy distress
May teach another full success.

It may be, that in some great need
Thy life's poor fragments are decreed
To help build up a lofty deed.

Thy heart might throb in vast content,
Thus knowing that it was but meant
As chord in one great instrument;

That even the discord in thy soul
May make completer music roll
From out the great harmonious whole.

It may be, that when all is light,
Deep set within that deep delight
Will be to know why all was right—

To hear life's perfect music rise,
And while it floods the happy skies,
Thy feeble voice to recognize.

Then strive more gladly to fulfil
Thy little part. This darkness still
Is light to every loving will.

And trust—as if already plain,
How just thy share of loss and pain
Is for another fuller gain.

I dare not limit time or place,
Touched by thy life; nor dare I trace
Its far vibrations into space.

ONE only knows. Yet, if the fret
Of thy weak heart, in weak regret,
Needs a more tender comfort yet;

Then thou may'st take thy loneliest fears,
The bitterest drops of all thy tears—
The dreariest hours of all thy years—

And through thy anguish there outspread,
May ask that God's great love would shed
Blessings on one beloved head.

And thus thy soul shall learn to draw
Sweetness from out that loving law,
That sees no failure, and no flaw,

Where all is good. And life is good,
Where the one lesson is understood,
Of its most sacred brotherhood.

Adelaide Procter.

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NO MAN'S LAND.

BY GOODWYN BARMBY.

YOUNG Eyebright, when he was a child, used to see strange pictures in the fire, tracts of country, black and red, with sparks glinting about them like living creatures; and, looking on the clouds of sunset in the western sky, he often told his grandam that he was sure there was a land which no man had yet inhabited, for he clearly saw high peaked mountains flushed with crimson hues, and deep lakes and wide streams of glistening pearly light, and a rich golden city, with amber-tipped spires and glittering colonnades and shining terraces, and porticos opening into rosy gardens, and spreading meads, changeful in colour as opal stones, or as the various glancing hues upon a stock-dove's neck. And so, when he had grown up to be a tall youth, early one bright morning, he started off westward in search of No Man's Land.

On he went, very light-hearted, until noon, when the sun was high over his head; and looking up to the sky, and shading his eyes with his right hand to help them to bear the blaze, he stumbled over a heap of stones, and fell upon them and cut himself amid the flints. "Soho!" he said, "I must take care how I tread upon the earth, whatever goes on in the skies."

Then he picked himself up and walked onward until night; and when the shades came round him, and it grew darker and darker, he could find no better bed for his weary limbs than another heap of stones, for they were far drier than the dew-drenched earth around him; and so he stretched himself upon them and slept, and dreamed such dreams of No Man's Land—how beautiful and rich it was, and how he became king of all that country, and had such great wealth, and became so famed, that no other monarch was like him! And in the morning he rose so refreshed, and felt so amiable, that he made bow to the heap of stones, and said, "Your brothers cut me, but you have healed me; I see there is some use in you after all."

And thus, day by day, he travelled on, and his food was berries, and his drink, water; and still he found not No Man's Land. But many people he met on the way, and some said "Fool!" and some called him "Madman!" And his feet were pierced by the thorns, and he limped sorely, but he had a bright wild eye, and a brave brown face. And one little maiden saw him, and pitied him, and loved him, and left father and mother and followed after him, if so be she might find No Man's Land with him. And he let her follow, and said she should be its Queen. And she washed his feet with water, and dried them in her warm hands. And he had a softer pillow for his head than stones, and he loved her much.

Yet on he travelled, and his heart was sick that he found not what he sought; and mornings rose grey, and evenings grew dusk, and the trump of March woke April, and April wept dew upon the flowers budding for the coming May, and June threw roses at autumn's approaching train; and months passed on, and years went by, and many countries were travelled through; and there was not only one travelling with him, but three—his wife, and a little boy and a little girl; when one summer evening at mirk, he heard a noise before them, and he rushed forward, and lo! two men were attacking one, and he helped the one, and dealt brave blows, and the two fled; and the one he had saved, said, "Thou hast earned and thou shalt have it!" and he gave him a field, and they abode thereon, and tilled it, and reaped it; and he called that field, Somebody's Land!

Yet, though he travelled no more, he dreamed night after night of No Man's Land; while in the morning he said, "Though I have found it not, I found thee, O wife! and ye, O children! and this field of our dwelling, and much knowledge of countries, and much of men, and all is sweeter from the travel past."

And many years passed on, and the bright eyes grew dim, and the brown hair became white, and he was passing away; and when the sunset glowed intensest in the west, he went, looking into it to the last, and saying, "Not on the stony earth, not in the cloudy sky, but above and beyond, there is No Man's Land, for there is God's Land, and that is No Man's Land." And so he passed away, and found that he had sought.

EXPLANATIONS OF SCRIPTURAL TEXTS ADVANCED TO SUSTAIN UNSCRIPTURAL DOCTRINES.

SATAN, DEMON, AND DEVIL.

Gen. iii. 14.—"And the Lord God said unto the serpent, Because thou hast done this, thou art cursed above all cattle, and above every beast of the field; upon thy belly shalt thou go, and dust thou shalt eat, all the days of thy life." This account understood of the personal devil, in whom so many believe, as belonging to all space and time, really makes no mention of the devil, but speaks of a serpent and as one of the cattle of the field. This is undoubtedly an allegory.

Deut. xxxii. 17.—"They sacrificed unto devils, not to God; to gods whom they knew not, to new gods that came newly up, whom your fathers feared not." This is a text which should have been rendered "demons," who were spirits that were worshipped, and to whom sacrifice was offered. They are also called gods in the text.

1 Chron. xxi. 1.—"And Satan stood up against Israel, and provoked David to number Israel." The ambitious motives that moved David were his worst enemies, his Adversary or Satan. The word Satan means an adversary.

Job. ii. 1.—"Again there was a day when the sons of God came to present themselves before the Lord, and Satan came also among them to present himself before the Lord." This is almost universally admitted to be an allegory. Satan, in the courts of heaven, before the throne of God, among the sons of God, &c., &c., cannot be literally understood.

Psalms cix. 6.—"Set thou a wicked man over him, and let Satan stand at his right hand." Let an opponent, enemy or adversary be in the chief place of power in his affairs.

Matt. iv. 1.—"Then was Jesus led up of the Spirit into the wilderness, to be tempted of the devil." This is explained by some divines of all churches, as an allegory, in which the Saviour is represented as being tempted as we all are tempted. 1st. *To distrust God.*—"Command these stones to be made bread." 2ndly. *To presumption.*—"Cast thyself down." 3rdly. *To worldly ambition.*—"All these will I give," 4thly. *To Idolatry.*—"Fall down and worship me, or do me homage." There is not a temptation of Satan but is reducible to one or other of these four articles.

Matt. xii. 28.—"But if I cast out devils by the Spirit of God, then the kingdom of God is come unto you." Luke xi. 20.—"But if I with the finger of God cast out devils, no doubt the kingdom of God is come upon you." If you think that these demons need the power of God to cast them out, and I have shown that it is the power of God that I have used to do this work, then the kingdom of God is come unto you. All these passages which represent Christ as casting out devils, should have been rendered "*demons.*"

Matt. xiii. 19.—"When any one heareth the word of the kingdom, and understandeth it not, then cometh the wicked one, and catcheth away that which was sown in his heart: This is he which received seed by the way-side." This is part of a parable, and the "*Wicked One*" is meant for those temptations and inducements which loosen the good impressions we may have received from the words of truth.

Matt. xiii. 39.—"The enemy that sowed them, is the devil: the harvest is the end of the world; and the reapers are the angels." Here the word devil is used to represent any source of evil in the Church, or the world, and may be understood of any person or thing that does mischief in the Church.

Luke x. 17.—"And the seventy returned again with joy, saying, Lord, even the devils are subject unto us through thy name." That is, we can cast out demons or effect the cures on these diseased persons who are regarded as possessed by demons.

Luke xxii. 31.—"And the Lord said, Simon, Simon, behold, Satan hath desired to have you, that he may sift you as wheat." Those who are my opponents, my enemies, desire to alienate you from me. Judas they have got; Peter they will also take hold of. "I have prayed for you."

John xii. 31.—"Now is the judgment of this world: now shall the prince of this world be cast out." John xiv. 30.—"Hereafter I will not talk much with you, for the prince of this world cometh, and hath nothing in me." The prince of this world may properly refer to the leading, worldly principles of the time of Christ, or of any future time. Very conflicting opinions have been stated by able scriptural critics as to the meaning of "*Prince of this world.*" The phrase has been referred to the Jewish, to the Roman, and to other agencies adverse to the diffusion of Christianity.

Acts x. 38.—"How God annointed Jesus of Nazareth with the Holy Ghost, and with power: who went about doing good, and healing all that were oppressed of the devil, for God was with him." It was a belief among the Jews, which they had derived from the Eastern philosophers, who explained all things by good and evil spirits, that diseases were inflictions of bad spirits. So when men were afflicted with madness, epilepsy, and various bodily and mental diseases, they were spoken of as afflicted by *demons*, translated "*devils.*" The language of the Apostles to Christ is accommodated to this superstition, at least so we believe, for it does not necessarily follow that they held those superstitions because they used the current language of their day.

Rom. xvi. 20.—"And the God of peace shall bruise Satan under your feet shortly. The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you. Amen." All the power of adversaries shall be subdued.

1 Cor. x. 21.—"Ye cannot drink the cup of the Lord, and the cup of devils; ye cannot be partakers of the Lord's table, and of the tables of devils." Some of the early Christians went and sat at the tables of the pagan sacrifices, and drunk to the demons, or heathen gods. Paul counsels them against this homage to false gods, who were no gods; or, as in another place, says, "They were NOTHING." This text should be translated "*demons*."

2 Cor. iv. 4.—"In whom the god of this world hath blinded the minds of them which believe not." There is no fixed opinion even among Trinitarian commentators, who or what is meant here by the "god of this world." Anything that hinders the reception of gospel truth and light.

2 Cor. xi. 14.—"And no marvel, for Satan himself is transformed into an angel of light." That is false apostles, enemies, or adversaries of the gospel came as clothed in light; and they are thus represented as the ministers of the grand adversary or evil, that had so often, by speciousness or false claims, beguiled the human family.

Eph. iv. 27.—"Neither give place to the devil." We give the exposition of a Trinitarian commentator, *Dr. A. Clarke:* "As the word diabolos is sometimes used to signify a calumniator, tale-bearer, whisperer, or back-slider (see in the original, 1 Tim. iii. 11; 2 Tim. iii. 3, and Titus ii. 3); here it may have the same signification: Do not open your ear to the tale-bearer, to the slanderer, who comes to you with accusations against your brethren, or with surmisings and evil speakings. These are human devils."

1 Thess. ii. 18.—"Wherefore we would have come unto you (even I Paul) once and again, but Satan hindered us." *Dr. A. Clarke*, a believer in a personal devil, gives the meaning thus: "Some *adversary*, as the word means."

1 Tim. i. 20.—"Of whom is Hymeneus and Alexander, whom I have delivered unto Satan, that they may learn not to blaspheme." I have excommunicated them, turned them over to the company of those who are our open adversaries.

2 Tim. ii. 26.—"And that they may recover themselves out of the snare of the devil, who are taken captive by him at his will." As we have seen it conceded, the word devil may refer to any malicious person or false accuser.

1 Peter v. 8.—"Be sober, be vigilant, because your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour." Be always watchful against evil, which will bear you down as a lion, and which will devour you as the lion does its prey, if you guard not against it. This strong personification is found in many places of the Scriptures. Wisdom is represented as everywhere speaking to the children of men. We think the word devil here means calumniator, seeking whom he may devour.

James ii. 19.—"Thou believest that there is one God, thou doest well; the devils also believe, and tremble." That is the very demons (not devils), spirits of men who have gone before, men regarded as pagan gods, they believe, and tremble. The demons believe, and tremble.

James iv. 7.—"Submit yourselves, therefore, to God. Resist the devil, and he will flee from you." Repel every evil insinuation or advancement. Evil can have no power over you if you firmly resist it; it will flee from you.

1 John iii. 8.—"He that committeth sin is of the devil, for the devil sinneth from the beginning. For this purpose the Son of God was manifested, that he might destroy the work of the devil." Evil proceeds not from God, or good men. It is referred, in this strongly figurative language, to the evil one, or evil passions and principles.

Rev. ii. 13.—"I know thy works, and where thou dwellest, even where Satan's seat is." Where the Adversary has his throne.

Rev. ix. 1.—"And the fifth angel sounded, and I saw a star fall from heaven unto the earth, and to him was given the key of the bottomless pit." Some commentators interpret this of Mahomet. Some Catholics affirm it of Luther and the Protestants. Some Protestants refer this to the Pope and Catholics. And some understand it of a personal devil.

Rev. ix. 11.—"And they had a king over them, which is the angel of the bottomless pit, whose name in the Hebrew tongue is Abaddon, but in the Greek tongue he hath his name Apollyon." All kinds of conjectures have been made of the significations of the "Book of Revelations," and the persons or systems supposed to be meant by the "fallen star," "the dragon," "satan," "devil," &c., &c. No commentator, of any learning, would appeal to those texts for a scriptural proof of a personal devil. As we have said, different religious parties have understood this book as referring to their opponents.

Rev. xii. 9.—"And the great dragon was cast out, that old serpent, called the devil, and Satan, which deceiveth the whole world; he was cast out into the earth, and his angels were cast out with him." The Christian Church has interpreted this chapter and the next, of the conflict that Christianity had with paganism and its priesthood. Others, again, would have them to mean the conflict between the Roman Catholic and Protestant states and churches. We do not profess to give the meaning, further, than to say, those chapters, from the very explanations put upon them by believers in personal devils, do not of necessity teach the existence of a personal devil. The conflict between some forms of wickedness and righteousness is undoubtedly meant.

Rev. xvi. 14.—"For they are the spirits of devils, working miracles, which go forth unto the kings of the earth, and of the whole world, to gather them to the battle of that great day of God Almighty." This is another mysterious passage which speaks of "demons" working miracles, *i.e.*, doing wonderful works, and hastening on the day of great conflict at Armageddon. Men make the most egregious mistakes when they profess to understand those times and places. Years ago, in war times, preachers who had daring enough affirmed that the great conflict was *Austerlitz*, or *Moscow*, or *Leipsic*, or *Waterloo;* and more recently, *Sebastopol.* Now the battle of Armegeddon is to be fought somewhere about "*Damascus.*" Oh! prophets.

Rev. xx. 2—"And he laid hold on the Dragon, that old Serpent, which is the Devil and Satan, and bound him a thousand years." We think this may refer to the subjugation of some great evil principle or power that has had bestowed upon it all those terms by the writer. Some interpret this of the triumph of Christianity over all the forms of error and wrong, and the ushering in of a grand millenium.

Jesus Christ and his disciples adopted the common language of their country on all subjects which did not constitute the main object of their mission. So it was that he spoke when curing diseases of body or mind, as casting out demons, for the people supposed that demons were the causes. Our Saviour was not sent to teach the philosophy of disease, that would follow the adoption of the moral and pious precepts of the gospel.

The following texts, from the originals of the Scriptures, will show that the words *Satan* and *Devil* are employed without reference to our popular Satan or Devil. 1 Sam. xxix. 4.—"Let not (David) go down with us to battle, lest he be a *Satan* to us." Numbers xxii. 22.—"The angel of Jehovah stood in the way (of Balaam) a Satan against him." Matt. xvi. 23.—"Jesus rebuked Peter, and said, Get thee behind me, *Satan.*" John vi. 70.—"Jesus answered, Have I not chosen you twelve, and yet one of you is a *devil.*" 1 Tim. iii. 11.—"In like manner the women must not be *devils*" (rendered slanderers). The original is devils. So with numerous other texts the Satans and Devils are human adversaries.

THE DEMONIAC.

"HIS LAST STATE WORSE THAN THE FIRST."

"When the unclean spirit is gone out of a man, he walketh through dry places, seeking rest, and findeth none. Then he saith, I will return into my house, from whence I came out. And when he is come, he findeth it empty, swept and garnished. He then goeth and taketh with him seven other spirits more wicked than himself, and they enter in and dwell there; and the last state of that man is worse than the first. Even so shall it be also unto this wicked generation."—MATT. xii. 45.

THE whole imagery of this passage is Jewish. It will not do to seek for a moral correspondence in all its minutiæ. What is its *general* import? This is the simple question with regard to all the parables of the New Testament. What is the central thought, the prevailing sentiment, which underlies the metaphor? In the verses just quoted, a wicked man is spoken of; but one whose wickedness has, in part, departed. This man was given up to evil desires. To some extent he reformed. The shadow is still on him. He still has a backward look. His "seeking rest and finding none" shows how uneasy and dissatisfied he is. Cut away from some bad habits, he has not yet become interested in new and better things. He longs after what he has outwardly abandoned. His mind is empty, swept, garnished. The man or the house, as the Jews said, is in the right state precisely for guests of some sort. There was no impediment to prevent the evils that had been driven away from coming back with a fresh brood, and taking possession of and completely filling the former haunts. This is the law. This is retribution. If you do nothing more than to brush away you evils—if you merely put them to flight, they will be sure to come back in new forms and with new strength. And this second time they will come to dwell; and will make your "last state sadder than the first." The truth is, we must not only get rid of the bad company, of wrong desires, but must be filled with nobler loves. Wrongs put one-side, are not wrongs overcome. To vanquish and conquer foes, is not all the work. We must cultivate *virtues*, and become interested in good. Indeed, the best way to overcome an evil in our nature is to become interested in a *good.* An effort of the will is not enough. The mind, the heart, must be occupied. The way to get darkness out, is to let light in. The way to get an evil out, is to let a good in. Some people may work up to a will from the outside. Holiness may be built up in some natures, particle by particle, adding thought to thought, prayer to prayer, sacrifice to sacrifice, deed to deed. Use this method, all who must. Christianity patronizes it, but shows a better. That better is the one hinted at just now. Interest in new and better scenery of existence will make a man forget the haunts of forbidden pleasure. Would you, reader, break up bad habits—of indolence, dissipation, turn yourself into a new channel? A course of good reading has saved many a young man from a life of frivolity and irreligion. We would say to a young friend—If you are induced to go wrong, if the tempter invites you to what you know is wrong—don't exhort your forces by mere resistance. Resistance is well; but if that is all, you may grow weak, and yield. Turn to something good. Work! Work for somebody who is lower than you are. Move! Don't stand still. Get out of the dust, and then the dust will cease to annoy you. Put the temptation by, and out of sight, and out of yourself, by filling your vision and soul with Him whose countenance is always serene, and whose form always moves before, attracting our hearts forever. He will save and lead us into everlasting life.—*Charles H. Leonard.*

A FEW THOUGHTS AND FACTS ON A PERSONAL DEVIL.

THERE is no text of Scripture which enjoins the necessity of Christians believing in a personal devil, that they may be saved, or be members of the Christian Church.

The common belief of an infinite, omnipresent, omnipotent God, necessarily excludes the belief of a devil possessed of those infinite attributes.

If it be admitted that the devil is a finite being, as it must be admitted by the intelligent believer in an infinite God, how limited is the sphere of his operations?

There is no authority for the belief that the devil is present in all parts of *this world* at the same moment of time, or that he has a troop of bad spirits which are omnipresent to this globe.

If the devil introduced sin into the world, where is the scriptural or philosophical proof. Does Paul not say, "By one man sin entered into the world?"

Is it not contrary to all we know of the works and creatures of God, the all-wise, benevolent Creator, that a being of unmixed evil should continue to exist?

Is it not absurd to believe that an evil angel, or devil, should be possessed of such extensive power as is commonly ascribed to the popular devil, while we deny that any good angel of God possesses such power?

There is no reason to refer sin to a supernatural cause, with the Bible in our hands which recriminates man for sin; and with the consciousness in our own hearts that we can be obedient or disobedient as we will.

The Apostle James affirms "that *every man* (mark it) every man is tempted, when he is drawn away of his own lust and enticed." Does this not absolutely contradict that we are drawn away by any supernatural agency?

How can it be said that the plan of the whole universe is upon the principle of love, and that God loves mankind, if he cast from heaven, or let go from hell, such a moral firebrand among the children of men?

If God did not create a personal devil, as it would be impious to say he did, can the believer in a personal devil not perceive that sin, in its beginning and consummation, is not dependent on a prior tempter to sin, and that the existence of sin is no proof of a personal devil?

The popular representations of the devil are most contradictory and inconsistent, viz.: the Devil, for rebellion, was cast into hell, yet he inhabits the earth and the air; that he is chained in darkness, yet going about seeking whom he may devour; suffering the pains of the damned, yet enjoying all the pleasures of a successful enemy to the human race, &c.

The popular belief of the fall of the Devil from heaven is without any foundation in scripture or fact. The following statement in the "*Encyclopædia Britannica*," is worthy of notice:—"There is no mention of the word *Devil* in the Hebrew Old Testament, but only of the words Satan and Belial; nor do we meet with it in any heathen author, in the sense in which it is taken among Christians, that is as a creature revolted from God. Their theology went no further than to evil genii or demons."

The Satan in the book of Job, the Serpent in the book of Genesis, and the Devil in the book of Matthew, of Jesus' temptations, are admitted by divines of all churches, as allegorical representations. No person could understand these accounts as strictly literal; or if understood in that sense, they defeat the common notion of the devil. Philo, a learned Jew, tells us how his nation understood the fall of Adam: "It is an allegory expressive of what really happened under feigned images, and the Serpent is an emblem of vicious pleasure." The scriptural texts which speak of "*devils*," are to be understood of "*demons*," or the spirits of those who had died; and the Satan or Devil in the bible in general refer to persons or principles that were adversaries, calumniators, or otherwise opposed to the persons and principles of true religion. This has also been admitted by theologians of various churches, who all retain a belief in a supernatural devil.

No single text, nor any number of texts in the bible, afford any proof of the real existence of a personal devil, such as is believed in and feared in the Christian Church at present. The many places in which those words do occur may be fairly understood of some human adversary, or admitted in a figurative and allegorical sense.

We have found in general, that those persons who believe and talk most about the devil, are neither more moral nor pious than those who believe not in his being. The belief has nothing to commend it to our faith or life, as well as no argument to sustain it. The rejection of so absurd a dogma as a personal devil, with his troop of emissaries going about doing evil, obviates one of the grand, unfounded objections to the Christian religion. The folly and nonsense engrafted upon the tree of life (the gospel) have been the source of more infidelity in the world, and mischief in the church, than tongue can tell.

The punishment of wickedness is not the less certain in the government of a righteous and just God, because we believe there is no such being as a personal devil. "Every disobedience will receive a just recompence of reward;" and in numerous places of the Scriptures God is represented as the punisher of evil-doers.

God reigns alone: let no inferior creature
Usurp the throne of the Supreme Creator.
Let heaven's high arches echo with his name,
And the wide-peopled earth his praise proclaim:
With silent duty meekly bend before him,
And *deep* within your inmost hearts adore him.

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

LIFE'S BILLOWS.—Every sorrow a Christian meets is a billow on this world's troublesome sea, which he must cross to bear him nearer home.

FASHIONABLE WOMEN.—Read the biographies of our great and good men and women; not one of them had a fashionable mother. They nearly all sprung from plain, strong-minded women, who had about as little to do with fashions as with the changing clouds.

STARTLING PHRASES.—One of the phases of latter-day preaching is startling words and phrases. The consummation of this nonsense we find in a sermon in the "Family Treasury," in which the preacher says, "There is a faith which makes men mightier than God." Mightier than the Omnipotent God. Hear that!

POWER OF CONSISTENCY.—A young man, when about to be ordained as a Christian minister, stated that at one period of his life he had been nearly betrayed into the principle of infidelity: "but," he added, "there was one argument in favour of Christianity which I could never refute — the consistent conduct of my own mother!"

CONVERSION BY FEAR.—When men are won over, either in politics or religion, by being placed in bodily fear, neither the Church nor the country is much benefitted by their conversion. There is no better way to poison the spring of national life, and to bring on decay and debility, than the constant appeal from reason and conscience to fear and the pocket.—*Daily Times.*

AN ATHEIST.—After having in vain preached to a circle of ladies, he attempted to avenge himself by saying: "Pardon my error, ladies; I did not imagine that in a house where wit vies with grace, I alone should have the honour of *not* believing in God." "You are not alone, sir," answered the mistress of the house: "my horses, my dog, my cat, share the honour with you, only these poor brutes have the good sense not to boast of it."

TEXT AND TOILET.—"Mary, my love, do you remember the text this morning?" Mary—"No, pa, I never can remember the text, I've such a bad memory." Father—"By the way, Mary, did you notice Susan Brown?" Mary—"Oh, yes, what a fright! She had on her last year's bonnet done up, a pea-green silk, a black lace mantilla, brown boots, an imitation Honiton collar, a lava bracelet, her old earrings, and such a fan! Oh, my!" Father—"Well, my dear, your memory is certainly bad."

A WAY TO BE HAPPY.—If you would be happy when among good men, open your ears; when among bad, shut them. And as the throat has a muscular arrangement by which it takes care of the air-passages of its own accord, so the ears should be trained to an automatic dullness of hearing! It is not worth while to hear what your servants say when they are angry; what your children say after they have slammed the door; what a beggar says whom you have rejected from your door; what your neighbours say about your children; what your rivals say about your business or your dress.

A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.—Among some of the South-Sea Islanders the compound word for hope is beautifully expressive. It is manaolona, or the *swimming thought*—faith, floating and keeping its head aloft above the water, when all the waves and billows are going over—a strikingly beautiful definition of Hope, worthy to be set down along with the answer which a deaf and dumb person wrote with his pencil, in reply to the question, What was his idea of forgiveness? "It is the odour which flowers yield when trampled on."

TALKING OF EVIL DIGNITIES.—A milkman at Klosterneuburg, a town in the neighbourhood of Vienna, has been sentenced to three months' imprisonment for speaking disrespectfully of St. Leopold, the patron saint of this province. The Lower Austrian Freethinker declared that the doughty rival of Richard Cœur de Lion was a robber knight, who lived on the top of a high hill, in order that he might be able to see at a distance the vessels that were coming down the Danube. "As to the title of saint," said the impious dealer in milk, "anybody can have it who has the money to pay for it." The principal witness against the man was his stepfather, with whom he had been on a very unfriendly footing.

A NEAPOLITAN ROWLAND HILL.—There are some curious stories respecting Fra Rocco, the celebrated Dominican preacher of Naples. On one occasion he preached a penitential sermon, and introduced so many illustrations of terror, that he soon brought his hearers to their knees. While they were just showing every sign of contrition, he cried out, "Now all of you who sincerely repent of your sins, hold up your hands." Every man in the vast multitude immediately stretched forth his hands. "Holy Archangel Michael," exclaimed Rocco, "thou who with thine adamantine sword standest at the right of the Judgment-seat, hew me off every hand which has been raised hypocritically." In an instant every hand dropped, and Rocco of course profited by the occasion to pour forth a torrent of eloquent invective against their sins and deceit.

THE LATE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.—At the close of a lecture to the Cambridge Church of England Young Men's Society, "Men Risen in Life," the Rev. F. J. Jameson related the following anecdote of the late Archbishop of York:—"Many years ago a respectable tradesman of this town—a tailor in the Market-place—had occasion to visit the city of York, when he took his son, a little boy, with him. Arrived at York, the tailor had business with the archbishop, and went to his palace, taking his little son with him. The boy, however, was too small to be admitted into the presence of the prelate, and therefore he was told to remain in the hall, but, being very curious, he pushed by his father gently into the archbishop's studio and peeped in, when he had the satisfaction of seeing the studio, the archbishop's chair, and, what was more than all, the archbishop himself. That little boy was the very next archbishop who filled the chair."

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